Numb. CXLV.

The GUARDIAN.

Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis. Hor.

Thurſday, Auguſt 27. 1713.

AMongſt the ſeveral Challenges and Letters which my Paper of the 25th has brought upon me, there happens to be one which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the Sneer of ſome Wag, or the ſerious Reſentment of a Coxcomb, that vents his Indignation with an inſipid Pertneſs. In either of theſe two Lights I think it may divert my Readers, for which Reaſon I ſhall make no ſcruple to comply with the Gentleman's Requeſt, and make his Letter Publick.

Old Teſty, *Tilt-yard* Coffee-houſe.

‘YOUR grey Hairs for once ſhall be your Protection, and this Billet a fair Warning to you for your audacious Raillery upon the Dignity of long Swords. Look to it for the future; conſider, we Brothers of the *Blade* are Men of a *long Reach*: Think betimes,

How many Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron.

‘It has always been held dangerous to play with Edge-Tools. I grant you, we Men of Valour are but awkward Jeſters; we know not how to repay Joke for Joke; but then we always make up in *Point* what we want in *Wit*. He that ſhall raſhly attempt to regulate our Hilts, or reduce our Blades, had need to have a Heart of Oak, as well as *Sides* of *Iron*. Thus much for the preſent: In the mean time *Bilbo* is the Word, remember that and tremble.

Tim. Swagger.

This jocoſe manner of bullying an old Man, ſo long as it affords ſome Entertainment to my Friends, is what I ſhall not go about to diſcourage. However, my witty Antagoniſt muſt give me leave, ſince he attacks me in Proverbs, to exchange a Thruſt or two with him at the ſame Weapons; and ſo let me tell Mr. *Swagger, There is no catching old Birds with Chaff*; and that *Brag* is a good Dog, but *Holdfaſt* is a better. Having thus diſpatched this Combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to ſubmit the Caſe of a Perſon who is the very Reverſe of the foregoing, the which he lays before me in the following Epiſtle.

Worthy S I R,

‘I Am the moſt unfortunate of Men, if you do not ſpeedily interpoſe with your Authority in behalf of a Gentleman, who by his own Example has for theſe ſix Months endeavoured, at the Peril of his Life, to bring little Swords into Faſhion, in hopes to prevail upon the Gentry by that means (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any Swords at all. It was my Misfortune to call in at *Will's* laſt Night a little fudled, where I happen-

(Price Two Pence.)